THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 47.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 71.

Young folks think old folks are fools, but old folks know young ones to be so.

Proverb.

NOTHING has been more successfully urged to check the impertinent self-sufficiency of youth, than the remark which is quoted at the head of this paper. The assertion is in that style of conscious pride, which insinuates that every doubt in opposition to it is the effect of ignorance, and is so often supported by facts, that we look on it as one of those theorems in life which cannot be disputed.

Without derogating from the respect, which age has a right to command, it may perhaps be permitted to doubt whether capacity for business increases with length of days, and whether those qualities, which are demanded for active enterprise and the bustle of the world, are not as often found among the younger members of the community as among those whose head had been whitened by the silver of time.

Experience, prudence, caution, are the advantages of age; but experience may have passed without improvements, prudence may degenerate to timidity, and caution, while it magnifies the dangers of novel experiment, checks the adventuring spirit that opens new sources of wealth. Activity, confidence, courage, are the concomitants of youth; but activity may often overleap its own designs, confidence may be rashness, and courage temerity. Every period of life has its own peculiar advantages and evils, and a man's genius or capability should no more be determined by his age than his morals or disposition by his complexion and stature.

We mean not to undervalue the respectability of age, or to place the "being of yesterday" before "the ancient of days," but to take a bird's eye view of the advantages of youth and age in their various pursuits. There are some places, which must always be filled by the elder citizens of the community, some which require an importance from personal appearance and a dignity in the public eye, which nothing but age appears competent to fill; but it is surely not saying too much to advance that there are others, where youth should be no objection to the candidate, and where the spirit and feelings, which are incident to that period of life, are his best recommendation.

In the enterprises of mercantile business, if the sanguine temper, the persevering and indefatigable labour of youth can be, as it most usually is, directed by the assisting

discretion and judgment of maturer years, it will be more likely to attain the object it aspires to, than if the execution were trusted entirely to the wavering and unsteady hand of age.

A young man of correct morals and that share of abilities, which are usually formed by a good education, has many inducements for more sedulous and undivided attention to the interest of his employers than is expected from any other period of life. In the first place he has his *character* to establish; and such is commonly the custom of the world that success passes for merit. He has no stock of good fortune previously acquired, to come in aid at a time of necessity. The concerns, in which he first engages, are those which fix his character through life. A mistake now can be balanced by no former evidence of happy invention or judicious design; it throws a stain on his reputation which can seldom if ever be effaced. Hence the first step is cautious and careful. The young man has met with no rapid success to dazzle and intoxicate the mind; to betray him into a fatal confidence and spoil his hopes at the very moment of fruition. The path is new and he looks about with care; he is prepared for obstacles; the dangers that may defeat him have been revolved in his mind, and he knows that extreme carefulness alone will clear him of the rocks and the shoals.

He has his *fortune* to acquire. The first mean of doing it is to secure an honorable reputation, and he is doubly careful to guard it against the imputation, which mistakes might afford a pretext to throw upon it. The young man commences business generally with few other expectations than arise from judiciously conducting his concerns. He knows that his fortune is to be acquired by his own exertions; he has little to sport with in wild and unadviseable experiments, or to pay the losses which temerity might cause. The consequence of wealth is carelessness. He who has no necessity to labor is generally averse from the drudgery of business. He feels himself entitled to a little more relaxation, he has a right to greater exemption from fatigue. The small profits, which result from this extra attention, are below his regard; to the young adventurer they are valuable; first because they show his desire of paying proper care to the concerns he is engaged in, and secondly because small profits are of a magnitude sufficient to engage his mind and weigh something in his purse.

The man who has for a long time been active on the theatre of life, holds out to his employers as a pledge for their security, the character he has established in society and the wealth he has acquired; the young man gives no such guarantee, it is his employer's concern to find whether he is honest and upright, and these moral qualities have never been considered to be connected with age; but you have a mortgage of his future prospects and you hold the dispensation of his future honors. Has he friends and connexions? You have the security of nature.——Has he been brought up with correct principles? You have the security of education. The negligence that commonly arises is seldom of a nature to be satisfied by pecuniary compensation, and let it be candidly answered. Have not many things been done, and protected by the shield of an acquired reputation, that wouldhave destroyed the hopes and ruined the character of one just commencing

his professional career? A thousand excuses are made for the veteran, and whatever be the effect of his system, a failure is never attributed to his ignorance—but a young man has to contend with doubts and prejudices and has seldom credit for any thing but success.

In professional pursuits it is a received opinion, that experience is the employer's best security, and that experience is in proportion to age. It is evident that if youth is always an objection to employment this belief is erroneous, as a man may pass away a great part of his life with no experience at all. But this *in some cases* is the truth, and complete justice is only to be expected from those, who have by a greater variety of practice been more conversant with similar cases; but common transactions and every day practice are within the compass of those talents, which generally fall to the young adventurer, and require attention rather than genius, and care more than experience in the person employed. These qualities are most to be expected from a young man. The physician or lawyer of eminence is engaged in a variety of great and important cases which take his mind from the smaller concerns of the profession; the young man, who is emulous of their fame, knows he must rise as they did by slow advances from small beginnings and is sure not to neglect the little matters that arise.

Let experience determine where most attention is found, where the greatest care, the most intimate entrance into the feelings or interest. Is it expected from those, whose concerns are multiplied, whose avocations are almost innumerable, whose fortune is estabilised and whose character is secure; or from him, who just beginning life, has formed fewer connections and can devote more time to those he has made; who is desirous of securing property by professional skill, and knows that as he cannot rely on the support of a splendid reputation, he must succeed by superior care, diligence and fidelity.

We do not advance these remarks with any disrespect to age or a wish to supplant its honors in favor of younger pretenders. He, who is advanced in life, has most commonly secured to himself connections and formed interests in society which place him above the necessity of recommendation. It is the young man, who at the moment when the greatest facility should be made to his pursuits, has the most difficult obstacles to contend with. A prejudice as injurious as unfounded prevents his employment, and checks the influence of those talents which might ripen in time for the benefit of society.

The young man is the future hope of his country. The time will arrive when he in turn will be old, when he shall lead the armies or direct the councils of the state—They then, who open to the young adventurer pleasing prospects of life, who assist him up the hill and enable him to meet with successful opposition the enemies of his progress, may be classed among the wise men of their country. E.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 21.

King John (Shakespeare) and Highland Reel. Friday, March 13.

King John is an extremely irregular production. In the story, it is wanting in interest, not having any principal object of attention to enchain the mind, and distracting it by unexpected incidents and motives, without engaging it by a due gradation of previous explanation. Shakespeare's historical plays

are said to be neither tragedies nor comedies, and therefore are not subject to any of their laws. But though we need not search in his productions for what cannot be found, a preservation of the unity of action; yet to render a play interesting, the incidents, however various, should be made subservient to the principal story, which should be seen to progress; but they should not be distinct actions which might as well belong to another production.

There are, nevertheless, in the play before us, some original characters of an important grade in the scale of merit. The gloomy, weak, undecided, cruel and inconsistent prince, in John; the humorous, animated, faithful and courageous chief in Faulconbridge, and the ambitious, passionate, grieved and insulted mother in Lady Constance, are impressions of character which the genius of Shakespeare alone could mould. There are scenes and descriptions in this play, which cannot be surpassed; though it may be doubted whether the author paid that attention to it which he had done to many of his previous pieces. The materials might compose a most admirable tragedy; an emendadation has been attempted, but without success. Yet there is perhaps no other play, in which a good poet might exert his abilities to more advantage, than in an alteration of King John.

So much of this play is taken up in the pageantry of regal magnificence, that a perfect representation of it could not reasonably be expected in a Theatre where there seldom is seen a show which is not productive of some strange absurdity or laughable blunder. The characters in general were respectably filled; but often where excellence was hoped, mediocrity only was realized.

Mr. Fennel as King John did not take advantage of all the opportunities for the display of his talents. In the scene before Angiers, his declamation was indistinct; and he wanted spirit and fire, in the utterance of the remarkable lines to Pandulph, expressive of his determined resolution not to be governed by the domination of the Pope.

His abilities shone conspicuously in the several interviews with Hubert and the death scene. When he solicits Hubert to murder Arthur, by abrupt transitions, sudden allusions, half uttered thoughts and speaking looks, rather than by direct information, Fennel showed some fine touches of nature, and evinced equally his conception and his skill.

If the midnight-bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound *one* unto the drowsy race of night.

These lines were finely expressed.—The remorse of John, not because he had killed Arthur, but because his nobles had deserted him; and afterwards his satisfaction in finding Hubert's story false, afforded further proofs of excellence.

Mr. Caulfield in the part of Faulconbridge was highly respectable. This gentleman in abrupt sentences is most generally perfect, but in set speeches he is apt to fall into *toning* his words.—Hence while we were gratified with the bluster of his expressions to Austria; half the beauty escaped of those lines spoken to John, beginning—

But wherefore do you droop? Why look you sad?
Be great in act as you have been in thought, &c.

Hubert in Mr. Usher had a representative which did not discredit the part; but, if any thing could have heightened our contempt for the *character* of John, nothing could be so effectual as to see him influenced by *such* a Pope's legate, as poor Mr. Turnbull made.

The scenes of Lady Constance are wonderful; and an actress of abilities can render them astonishing in their effects. Mrs. Cibber formerly, and Mrs. Siddons in later years, considered that part as important as any one they could perform. We were therefore not a little surprised that Mrs. Powell's talents in this part, being considered within their peculiar sphere, should have produced such singular sensations in the audience. When Lady Constance throws herself upon the ground in pronouncing

Here I and sorrow sit:
Here is my throne, let kings come bow to it!

she ought previously to have excited the tenderest sympathy in her hearers for her griefs and disappointment.—This some actresses have effected;—but when Mrs. Powell sunk suddenly upon the stage, the event was so un-

expected (from any previous notice) that instead of observing the tears of grief in the audience, we saw only the stare of astonishment or the smile of *unfeeling vulgarity!*

We cannot dismiss this play without acknowledging the merit of Mrs. Dykes in Arthur. In the scene with Hubert she sensibly affected us; in truth she deserves much commendation.

On the whole, King John wanted interest. The two first acts jogged heavily, and the last consisted of an interchange of striking and spiritless representation.

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King Lear (Shakespeare) and Sixty-third Letter. Monday, March 14.

It has been strongly objected to the play of King Lear, as generally represented on the stage, that the catastrophe is rendered happy; that Lear and Cordelia triumph, and Regan and Goneril are punished. It is considered, that the death of Lear and Cordelia were necessarily produced in the original, and besides, that the interest arising from this circumstance, is not only more affecting, but more agreeable to human nature. This doctrine however, seems contrary to the opinion of the best critics, who have decided, that if other excellencies are equal the audience will always be dismissed better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue. Dennis says, though the wicked sometimes prosper and the guilty suffer, and the poet by representing life in this aspect, may represent it truly, yet the poetical persons in tragedy exist no longer than the reading or the representation; the whole extent of their entity is circumscribed by those; and therefore, during that reading or representation, according to their merits or demerits they must be punished or rewarded. If this is not done, there is no impartial distribution of poetical justice, no instructive lecture of a particular providence and no imitation of the divine dispensation. The test of public opinion has been in favour of the alteration, and the lovers have been generally dismissed with decided approbation.

The personation of Lear by Mr. Fennel was improved in some particulars since the last representation; his voice was more audible and distinct. His emphasis was in some respect improved, and in his bye-play, he shewed a still further judicious attention to the part.

Mr. Caulfield in Edgar acquitted himself respectably: but not so well as on the first night of performance. His recollection was not so perfect as before. In the scenes of madness however, he certainly performs with great effect; but in the lover he is comparatively inferior. As a champion in the last act he was greeted with deserved approbation; and we know of no character more calculated to influence an audience in favor of an actor than that of Edgar. We hope Mr. C. will feel the effect of it, at his benefit.

Mr. Usher deserved our estimation in the character of Kent, as much as before. Mr. Fox is exactly where he *was*, in the part of Edmund, without evincing progressive improvement, or remarkable skill of personation. Mrs. Poe, as Cordelia, has once received our approbation, and has again deserved it. But we notwithstanding prefer her comedy.

We understand the managers can have an opportunity to engage Mr. Fennel for the remainder of the season; and unless they obtain some extrinsic attraction, we are fearful the benefits will neither answer their expectations, nor the deserts of the performers.—Deprived of so much talent, as we shall be, if he departs, a reflux in the public opinion, in relation to the theatre, is seriously to be apprehended.

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The Natural Son (Cumberland) and the Padlock. Wednesday, March 18.

This comedy cannot reasonably extort approbation from the unwilling, from prescriptive reputation. For at its first appearance it was violently assailed, and though it sustained the attack and preserved a respectable ground, it still has been subject to the objections of critical sagacity and perhaps to the disguised insinuations of envious rivalship. The part of Lady Paragon was written expressly for Miss Farren, and the author seems to think is worthy of her abilities. The Fable is partly borrowed from Tom Jones by Fielding, particularly as respects the relationship of the mother of Blushenly to his benefactor and patron Sir Jeffery Latimer.

Major O'Flaherty in this play, as in the West-Indian, has honour, courage,

gallantry; his bulls are mistakes of the tongue and not of the thought; for says Mr. Cumberland himself "the art of finding language for the Irish character on the stage consists not in making him foolish, vulgar or absurd, but on the contrary, whilst you furnish him with expressions, that excite laughter, you must graft them upon sentiments, that deserve applause."

This part was performed by Mr. Bernard with much effect. His deportment was starched and stiff as an officer should be, and no shaft fell short for want of skill in the archer.

Mr. Dykes played Sir Jeffery with spirit. But Mr. Poe in Blushenly was a bad lover and a worse gentleman, Jack Hastings, by Mr. Downie, was spiritless, excepting in his nose, which like Bardolph's resembled a live coal.

We have seen Mr. Dickenson to more advantage than in Dumps; but he performed chastely—and Mr. Powell as Rueful was greeted at his second appearance with decided marks of approbation.

The character of Lady Paragon was well performed by Mrs. Stanley; her deportment was elegant, but her tones wanted modulation. Mrs. Shaw also was highly pleasing as Mrs. Phœbe Latimer.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

GEORGE WITHER.

Of the numerous productions of this poet, few have been entirely preserved. He was a leading satyrist of his age; and his Epithalamia, though written in honour of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. on her marriage with Frederick Count Palatine, early in 1652, shews him to have been at that time no favorite with the court. Wither raised himself many enemies, and passed great part of his life in a prison.—The following piece, which is little known, may contribute to the amusement of the general reader, as it is of a miscellaneous description, and partakes not of the virulence that mostly characterizes his writings. He was born in the year 1588, and died in 1667.

(From his Epithalamia, 1620.)

Soldier! of thee I ask, for thou can's't best,
Having known sorrow, judge of joy and rest:
What greater bliss than, after all thy harms,
To take a wife that's fair, and lawful thine;
And lying tranced in her ivory arms,
There tell what thou hast 'scap'd, by Powers Divine!
How many round thee thou hast slaughter'd seen;
How oft thyself hath been near hand expiring,
How many times thy flesh hath wounded been;
Whilst she, thy fortune and thy worth admiring,
With joy of health, and pity of thy pain,
Doth weep and kiss—and kiss and weep again!

LOVE MAKES A MAN HUNGRY.

I have been much amused with the observation of FIELDING, in his "Tom Jones," that love makes a man hungry.—"In strong and healthy constitutions (he says) love hath a very different effect from what it causes in the puny part of the species. In the latter it generally destroys all that appetite which tends towards the conversation of the individual; but in the former, though it often induce forgetfulness and neglect of food, as well as of every thing else, yet place a good piece of well-powdered buttock before a hungry lover, and he seldom fails very handsomely to play his part." This, indeed, appears to me to be the true manly effect of love. What then can we say of those mewling poetasters, who are always fainting and dying, who never eat a hearty meal, nor form a healthy wish?—Certainly,

these too plainly declare themselves to be of "the puny part of the species."

THE DIFFERENCE OF CHARACTER.

The descriptions and remarks of FIELDING have been considered as the very expressions of nature.—He has given a correct sketch of two opposite characters in the following picture.—

"The same taste, the same imagination, which luxuriously riots in these elegant scenes, can be amused with objects of far inferior note. The woods, the rivers, the lands of Devon and of Dorset, attract the eye of the ingenious traveller, and retard his pace, which delay he afterwards compensates by swiftly scouring over the gloomy heath of Bagshot, or that pleasant plain which extends itself westward from Stockbridge, where no other object than one single tree only in sixteen miles presents itself to the view, unless the clouds in compassion to our tired spirits, kindly open their variegated mansions to our prospect.

"Not so travels the money-meditating tradesman, the sagacious justice, the dignified doctor, the warm-clad grazier, with all the numerous offspring of wealth and dulness. On they jog, with equal pace, through the verdant meadows, or over the barren heath, their horses measuring four miles and an half *per* hour with the utmost exactness; the eyes of the beast and his master being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the same objects in the same manner. With equal rapture, the good rider surveys the proudest boasts of the architect, and those fair buildings, with which some unknown name hath adorned the rich cloathing-town; where heaps of bricks are piled up as a kind of monument, to shew that heaps of money have been piled there before."

Godwin's "*Walking Philosopher*" is an improvement and apparently a copy from this original; it is the *Delettanti* dismounted.

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE PLAYER.

When doctor Stonehouse entered into holy orders, we are informed, that he took occasion to profit by his acquaintance with GARRICK, in order to procure from him some valuable instructions in elocution. Being once engaged to read prayers, and to preach at a church in the city, he prevailed upon Garrick to go with him. After the service, the British Roscius asked the doctor, what particular business he had to do when the duty was over?—"None," said the other. "I tho't you had (said Garrick) on seeing you enter the reading-desk in such a hurry." "Nothing (added he) can be more indecent, than to see a clergyman set about sacred business as if he were a tradesman, and go into the church as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible."

He next asked the doctor, "What books he had in the desk before him?"—"Only the bible and prayer-book."—"*Only* the bible and prayer-book," replied the player, "why you tossed them backwards and forwards, and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were those of a day-book and ledger."

A Barrister at the Surry sessions, examining a witness of the name of *Steakes*, began in the following manner:—"Mr. *Steakes*, be so good as to *wag* your *chops*."—"If I do (replied the witness) I hope to show more of the *wag* than you do."—The retort was felt, and the learned gentleman became, as the witness humorously observed, quite *chop fallen*.

LEVITY.

PRIVATE MADHOUSES.

A gentleman of landed property was artfully conveyed by his *friends* into one of these, a few years ago, and kept there many months :—during his confinement, a young prig of an officer visited him, and, with unfeeling assurance, asked him how he came there?—"Came here, said the supposed maniac, as you came by your commission—not so much by my own merit, as by the *interest* of my *friends*."

FRENCHMAN AND BUTCHER.

A half-starv'd Frenchman, once, 'tis said,
Pass'd near a Butcher's door ; [red.
Where British beef—good white and
Hung round in plenteous store.

The Frenchman gaz'd with longing eyes
Then loud, "*bon, bon,*" he cried ;
The Butcher turn'd with quick surprise,
Then spoke with wounded pride—

"Get out you great outlandish cheat,
Nor talk such stuff as that ;
You say "*bone, bone!*—I say 'tis *meat*,
And meat extremely fat."

IRISH REVIEW.

Some differences lately occurred between a corps of volunteers and their commandant. The regiment was ordered to appear before the inspecting general, and the colonel, of course, gave the word of command, "Attention—Shoulder arms." Not a muscle nor a musket moved. The command was repeated in a louder voice—the corps was still *motionless*. The general much surprised, beckoned to a serjeant and asked why the corps refused to act?—"An't *plaise* your honour," says Pat, making the due obeisance, "it is *bekays* the colonel and the regiment are not on *spaiking* terms!"

THE matrimonial blacksmith at Gretna-green being asked why old women were so fond of matrimony! "Why," said he, "you know that old wood catches fire in an instant,"

THERE has been many jokes about the refusal of an Irish gentleman to marry a lady whose name is *Fortune*. If, however, we are to trust to satirists, many a man who *marries* is wedded to *Mis-fortune*.

PARADOX.

At a country fair and horse-race in Scotland, a few days ago, two adjoining booth-keepers sold "the best London porter ;" one at sixpence, and the other at fourpence the quart. The latter as might be expected, was first sold off; but it may appear somewhat extraordinary, that he who sold at the lowest price made the most money, though he had the article from his opponent. The fact was, the sixpenny man having had a present made of a barrel, from London and considering the fair as affording a good opportunity of converting the liquor into cash, though no publican, he opened a booth for the purpose. His neighbour, considering this as an intrusion and perceiving the situation of the barrel, while it was tapped at one end by its first possessor, he made an incision in the canvas that separated the two tents, and took the liberty of tapping it at the other end! Proclamation being made of the prices, the thirsty fair folks flocked to the fourpenny porter-booth, till the cask, which had a little downward inclination at the other end would run no more!! The people were then under the necessity of resorting to the other booth, but that tap was soon exhausted; the reduced price end having drained the whole barrel, except four or five quarts.

[We have often to admire the morality of the eastern fable ; when judiciously contrived, it borrows the garments of instruction from the wardrobe of pleasure, and engages the mind in the contemplation of a principle, or impresses the force of some important truth, when the object of the reader was merely to occupy an idle hour in the most free and desultory reflections. We therefore trust the following from the pen of G. WALKER will be acceptable to a majority of our readers.]

SERED AND TEKAN:
OR, THE TWO DERVISES.

IN the delightful valley of Mernon, where the seasons glide in

sweet succession, scattering their varied profusion, resided two Dervises, who seemed to have selected this retreat as the asylum of meditation and repose. The names of these philosophers, who inhabited different recesses, were Vishni and Salem—Vishni appeared mild and humane, sighing at the faults of his fellow-creatures, and lamenting the depravity of man. He taught that Alla had created the human race for the best purposes, and that it was reversing infinite benevolence to suppose that the crimes of a finite being should receive eternal punishment.

Salem, on the other hand, was of a more austere disposition, he had intimately known the viciousness of human nature, and almost detested the species, for its crimes, its outrages, and its tyranny. He taught that few would enter the garden of Paradise, nine-tenths of mankind being doomed to eternal torment.

Such were the sentiments these reverend men daily inculcated in all who attended for instruction, and such were the tenets they instilled into the minds of two youths whom the piety of their parents had placed beneath their care.

Sered was the pupil of Vishni, but unworthy of so benevolent a preceptor—He was careless beneath his instructions, because the rod of punishment was never suspended over his head; and the praise of the worthy, which he was at some *future* period to receive, as yet had not taught his heart to sigh with emulation. He imbibed naturally from his instructor all the maxims which the wise have produced, and he knew perfectly well the value of learning and morality: yet was he frequently led into faults, because he had no expectance of punishment, and the temptation of the present always overcame the hopes of the future.

Tekah was of a violent capricious disposition. The indulgence of his parents had led him to suppose that all must bow to his will, or stoop to his desire. His pride quickly received a check beneath the hands of Salem, & punishment followed a crime, certain as the rolling thunder succeeds the illuminating flash. His natural disposition was corrected by his terror of consequences, and his imagination was restrained by the fear of that punishment a future life suspends over the secret criminal.

Such were the sentiments of Sered and Tekah, when the views of their parents called them to Ispahan. They were now placed beneath the care of respectable merchants, who taught them the art of exchange, and the science of speculation. Tekah was frequently tempted to deviate from the line of honour, in pursuit of those emoluments a clandestine transaction held out, but the fear of detection, or the terror of a future retribution, stayed his hand. Character with him was a sacred garment, and he sought to preserve it as unspotted as the priestly robes in the temple of Mithra.

Sered, on the contrary, when an evasion of the laws led to profit in security, scrupled not to grasp at gain—He listened not to the cry of humanity, rather seeking by enhancing the price of grain, in which he dealt, to extort the last *coz* from the poor. He lent money to the distressed at extravagant interest, and formed connections with wandering Arabs, whose plunder he secretly vended.—Yet, in the eyes of men, he appeared the pattern of mercantile integrity.

The applauses of men were however insufficient to restrain Sered from clandestine malevolence, and the slight restraint they imposed, became every day less: the influence of avarice and pleasure repressing the voice of honour and virtue.—Such were the characters of the two friends, who being liberated from the authority of their parents, resided in superb buildings adjoining each other.

One evening in the cool of the day, Sered wandered along the banks of the golden Zanderat, to enjoy the western breezes, which perfumed the air with the fragrance of roses and jessamine; while the curling water glided by to join in the embraces of the Tygris. He was revolving in his mind new plans of profit, and new schemes of extortion, when a gentle voice from a grove of dates and pomegranates arrested his feet. He paused, then advanced to listen, entered the grove, and found himself before alittle cane dwelling, surrounded with a garden of flowers.—On a bank of violets and lilies sat the beauteous Nour Hali, lulling her infant sister to sleep. Not expecting strangers, her veil was thrown aside, and her exquisite features were suffused with a blushing confusion, giving increased animation to her large black eyes, which for a moment glanced upon Sered, then eagerly sought the veil, beneath which modesty conceals itself. Sered was confounded and astonished at the charms of the blushing maid.—His haram contained some of the finest womon of the East, but all their charms united, could scarcely equal those alone possessed by Nour Hali.——What a prize! thought he, she will be the pearl of my haram, and the gem of my delight. He instantly addressed her in the language of affection intermingled with the blandishments of wealth, and the allurements of pleasure, but the heart of the virgin was inattentive to his representations, and cold to all his caresses.

The pride of Sered was hurt.—Could he be refused by a peasant's daughter, a slave, one whom he could sell to the merchants?—He arose haughtily, and returned deeply musing towards Ispahan. On the way he reflected that some pride or passion must have possession of her bosom, or it was impossible she could withstand riches, pleasures and a person handsome as himself—but then—who, except a peasant could be the object; and should so unworthy a competitor snatch from the arms of *Sered* a gem of such inestimable value—"No," cried he "those dreamers who believe in future punishment, might be deterred from violence in gratifying their will, but my dear Vishni has taken from me such foolish prejudices.—I do dot enter the garden of Paradise I shall lose all existence, and what then!—I will enjoy pleasure, while pleasure is within my grasp."

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We hope to be often favoured with the communications of EUGENIA.

Although the VILLAGE LASS has "HOME" so delightful, we hope the coming spring will often allure her broad.

Fashion is a lawful subject of satire but we have no opinion of that which sets gallantry at defiance, and consists only in sharp sayings against the sex. For that reason we shall without apology refuse admission to the "*Essay on Female Follies.*"

POETRY.

SPECULATION.

Hazard, a careless fellow known
At ev'ry gambling house in town,
Was oft in want of money, yet
Could never bear to run in debt;
Because, 'twas thought no man was willing
To give him credit for a shilling.
Dependent on dame Fortune's will,
He threw the dice, or well, or ill;
This day in rags, the next in lace,
Just as it happen'd sice or ace;
Was often times, when not a winner,
Uncertain where to get a dinner,
One day, when cruel Fortune's frown
Had stript him of his last half-crown
Saunt'ring along in sorry mood,
Hungry; perhaps, for want of food;
A parlour window struck his eye,
Through which our hero chanc'd to spy
A jolly round fac'd personage,
Somewhat about the middle age,
Beginning a luxurious meal,
For 'twas a noble loin of veal;
And such a sight, I need not mention,
Quickly arrested his attention:
Surely, thought he, I know that face,
I've seen it at some other place—
Recollect, 'twas at the play,
And there I heard some people say
How rich this fellow was, and what
A handsome daughter he had got!
That dinner would exactly, do,
A loin of veal's enough for two;
Could I but now strike out some way
To get an introduction, eh!
Most likely 'tis I may endeavour
In vain, but come, I'll try, however;
And now he mediates no more—
Thunders a rat-tat at the door.
The party-colour'd footman come,
"Pray, is your, master, Sir, at home?"
"My master, Sir, 's at home but busy."
"Then he's engag'd," quoth Hazard,
"is he?"
In voice as loud he could bellow
"I'm very sorry, my good fellow,
It happens so, because I could
Your master do some little good;
A Speculation that I know,
Might save a thousand pounds or so,
No matter, friend, your master tell
Another day will do as well. [cries,
"What's that you say?" the master
With pleasure beaming from his eyes,
And napkin tuck'd beneath his chin;
Bouncing from parlour, whence within
He'd heard those joy-inspiring sounds
Of saving him a thousand pounds!
"My dear Sir, what is that you say;"
"Sir, I can call another day?"
Your dinner I've disturb'd I fear.
"Do pray, Sir, take your dinner here;
You'll find a welcome warm and hearty"
"I shall intrude, Sir, on your party."
"There's not a soul but I and you."
"Well then, I don't care if I do."
Our spark's design thus far completed,
Behold him at the table seated,
Paying away, as well he might,
With some degree of appetite.
Our host, who willing would have press'd
The thousand pounds upon his guest,
Still thought it would not be genteel
To interrupt him at his meal,
Which seem'd so fully to employ him,
Talking might probably annoy him,
So thought it better he should wait
Till after dinner, the debate;
And now, "the king and constitution,
With ill success to revolution,"
And many a warm and loyal toast,
Had been discuss'd, when our good host
Thought it was almost time to say,
"Let's move the order of the day."
Indeed he hardly could help thinking
'Twas rather odd his guest was drinking,
The bus'ness not a jot the nearer,
A second bottle of Maderia;
And that he seem'd to sit and chatter,
'Bout this and that, and t'other matter,
As if he'd not the least intention
This thousand pounds of his to mention.
Much did he wish to give a hint,
Yet knew not how he should begin 't;
At length, "Sir, you've forgot, I fear,
The bus'nes that has brought you here?
I think you gave some intimation
About a saving Speculation."
"Ay, Sir—You'll find it not amiss,
My Speculation's simply this:—
I hear you have a daughter, Sir,"
"A daughter! well and what of her?
What can my daughter have to do
With this affair 'twixt me and you?"
"I mean to make your daughter--craving
Your pardon, Sir—the means of saving
The sum I mention. You'll allow
My scheme is sensible," "As how?"
"Why, thus---I hear you've no objection
To form some conjugal affection [ded
For this same daughter." "No, provi-
All other matters coincided."

"Then, Sir, I'll suit you to a hair—
Pray, is she not extremely fair?"
"Why—yes—there's many folks who praise her—
But what is beauty now-a-days Sir!"
"Ay, true Sir, nothing without wealth;
But, come suppose we drink her health!"
"Indeed I've drank enough already."
"Oh fie—Consider, Sir, a lady.
By rights we should have drank her first.
Pray, fill." "Well if I must, I must."
"And pray what age, Sir, may she be?"
"God bless her,—she's just twenty-three."
"Just twenty-three! faith a rare age."
"Sir, you were speaking of her marriage."
"I was—and wish to know, in case
Such an occurrence should take place,
The sum it might be in your power
To give with her by way of dower?"
"Well then, Sir, this is my intent,
If married with my own consent,
I've no objection on such grounds,
With her to pay ten thousand pounds."
"Ten thousand, Sir, I think you say?"
"I do." "What! on the marriage day"
"The whole." "Then let her, Sir, be mine,
I'll take her off you hands with nine;
And that you'll call, I'm sure, good grounds
For saving you a thousand pounds."

[*The following is ill natured and very severe; and yet* Dibdin *has contrived so to season it with wit, that it forces an almost involuntary smile.*]

THE LADY OF CANDOR.

Tho' born in fashion's gayest sphere,
To scandal o'er her tea,
Maria ne'er inclined an ear,
For—very deaf was she.

In beauty to behold a flaw,
She was not so unkind,
A rival's follies seldom saw,
For—she was nearly blind.

Or had she heard, or seen, yet mum
She'd been, nor e'er so weak
As tell the tale, for—being dumb
Maria did not speak.

In fashion's circle, friendship dear
May well her loss deplore,
And *feel* from what they see and hear,
Maria is no more.

LOVE.

In the morning of life, when the heart's wildly beating,
The bosom expands with sweet promise of bliss,
When each nerve throbs with rapture, and lips fondly meeting,
The language of passion attends on each kiss;
Should the maiden—ah, hapless!—believe the soft story.
Give ear to his vows,—in that credulous sleep
He gains all his wishes; his pride and his glory,
A conquest to boast of—then *leaves her to weep.*

LORD MOLESWORTH'S INSCRIPTION ON HIS DOG.

In Eclington Wood, near Doncaster.

Siste, Viator, nec mirare
Supremo efferri honore
Extinctum Catellum;
Sed qualem
Quem forma insignis, niveusque candor,
Morum grâtia sacilesque lusus,
Amor, obsequium, fides
Domini delicias fecĕre;
Cujus lateri adhæsit assiduus
Conviva sociusque thori.
Illo commite,
Vis animi herdis delassata
Ingenium, mentemque novam sumebat,
Istis pro meritis non ingratis herus
Marmorea hâc urnâ mortuum
Deflens locavit.
R. M. F. C. 1714.

On the other side.

Injurioso ne pede
Proruas
Stantem columnam.

EPIGRAM.

I *love*, because it comes to me by *kind*,
And *much*, because it much delights my *mind*;
And *thee*, because thou art within my *heart*;
And thee *alone*, because of thy *desert*.
I love, and much, and thee, and thee alone:
By kind, mind, heart, desert, and every one.

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